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Trinity Tablet, July 2, 1887

Trinity College

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The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XX.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

NO. VII.

The Trinity Tablet.

*Published every three weeks during term-time by
the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS—CLASS OF '88.

Managing Editor, - - - J. W. R. Crawford.
Business Editor, - - - L. LeG. Benedict.

H. M. BELDEN, W. J. S. STEWART,
A. C. HALL, W. C. STUART,
F. C. WAINWRIGHT.

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THE TRINITY TABLET,
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232 Asylum St., and at No. 7 Jarvis Hall, Trinity
College.*

ANOTHER Commencement has passed and another band of aspirants for fame has passed out into the unknown,—but as usual others advance to fill their places, and in a few weeks they will be forgotten, but not entirely. The Freshman class promises to be very large if we may judge of the future by the promise of the present, and we shall probably have all we can accommodate next year.

THOSE of us who accompanied the nine to Middletown, on Saturday last, have to thank the Wesleyan men for the kind reception they gave us and for the treatment which our men received at their hands. We all had a pleasant time, and assure Wesleyan that we will do all we can to reciprocate when they next visit us.

AGAIN it becomes the duty of the TABLET to bid farewell to the graduating class. *Eighty-seven*, since their entrance, has distinguished itself in many ways. Its ball nine during Freshman year was a great success; its foot-ball eleven was highly creditable, and in many ways they have left their mark behind them. But principally the college has to thank them for the example they have afforded of perfect class-unity. By means of this factor alone they have always been a strong body in using this influence for the good and welfare of the college. They have in many instances infused their own sense of consolidation into college interests and provided them with "back-bone" just when it was needed. They have furnished more than their quota to the various college organizations, and in many we shall miss them exceedingly. Individually they are all good men and true, and we shall suffer a great loss in them. Farewell, O *Eighty-seven*! and in your many branching paths may you indeed fare well.

THE base-ball nine has closed a most successful season, reflecting credit upon the college and upon themselves for their hard work and enthusiastic play. They have won ten games, lost five and tied one. To them, one and all, we, in the name of the college, extend hearty congratulations and thanks. Especial credit must be given to our battery, —Shannon, '87, during his connection with the college, has always had the base-ball interests at heart and to him more than anyone else is due the almost perfect organization and discipline of the nine. In the box he has displayed great judgment and skill and has made a reputation for himself in the collegiate world. He has only failed when not properly supported. Much of his success should be attributed to the manner in which Barber, '88, has taken his curves and shoots behind the bat. He has played a remarkable game and deserves the highest praise. For

the first time our battery has been strongly supported, notably in the infield, which has worked hard, accepting all chances; Brinley and McLemore especially making many brilliant plays. Again we hold out the hand of congratulation to the nine, one and all, and wish them all manner of good things.

AT the Amherst-Trinity game of June 11th there was present a small contingent of Amherst men who were bent on making their presence known by any means whatsoever. From them we have learned several new "wrinkles" in the contest of a base-ball game:—for the first time we found out that it is extremely practicable and proper to howl at a called strike, be it the first or the third; also that at critical moments it is the thing to engross the attention of the players of the opposite side by stentorian cheers and yells. We have also learned several points in "coaching,—viz.: any language is proper, ladies notwithstanding; personal epithets, when neatly and elegantly couched are calculated to inspire with enthusiasm, &c. We need to correct the impression that Trinity *began* the "yelling of fly-balls"—"applauding of errors" and other "disgraceful" features of the game. It is something that Trinity has never done and certainly would never have attempted, had it not been for the useful lessons learned from our visitors. As for the slurs upon the size of our college, it is needless to say anything, but it must be *very* galling to be beaten by such a "diminutive" institution. In conclusion we would wish to say that "the common rules of politeness" as taught and encouraged by *some* of the Amherst men and as exemplified in their coaching, are *not* in vogue here.

AFTER THE BALL.

The last dance o'er, "Good Night" is said,
All on their homeward way have sped.
The rose leaves scattered here and there
Exhale faint perfume on the air
And speak of Hartford's girls so fair,
Yet with the gladness
There comes to all
A feeling of sadness
After the ball.

The class-day hop was danced to-night,
Our class-day, do you wonder quite
Why amid all that seems so glad
A tinge of something should make us sad,
A word or so spoken
That's about all,
A heart or so broken
After the ball.

CLASS DAY.

The Class Day exercises of the class of '87 took place on the campus on the afternoon of June 28th. After a march had been played by Colt's band, Mr. Octavius Applegate, the president of the class, delivered an address of welcome. He then introduced Mr. William Agur Beardsley, of Monroe, Conn., the class-day orator.

Mr. Beardsley's subject was "Monuments Themselves Need Memorials," a line of Trabbo's "Borough." The terms monument and memorial were first dwelt upon and elucidated, the difference between them being pointed out. A monument is tangible, material, passing away. A memorial conveys the idea of an abstraction which exists after the concrete perishes. A memorial gives life to thoughts and actions, and with concrete expression, yet is intangible and invisible. The orator then showed that a man must leave behind him a memorial, as giving expression to the monuments left by him. Success may be obtained, the popular approval may be won, but this is not sufficient. Ambition is blind, and leads in winding paths. That a man must follow ambition to attain success is a great mistake. Our country is in sore need of good and patriotic men with no bonds of self-interest to shackle them. Look at our great west. Indeed all over our country are strikes and labor troubles. We have not thus far experienced any deep injuries from these seditious influences. Reason has triumphed. But may they not, like the lava restrained within the crater's mouth, burst forth some day and involve us in mire? Our subserviency of self-interest to the general welfare can avert this calamity. Fame can offer no higher guerdon than the privilege of wearing the simple chaplet of American citizenship. A man may work until Fortune has shed upon him all her favors. But how fickle is success! How transient a monument has he reared! Adversity seeks its victim with all its force, and hurls down the monument. It had no memorial and cannot last. "Monuments themselves need memorials." This tells us that the quiet unassuming citizen may leave behind him an impression more lasting and stronger than that genius, which like a meteor, illumines the sky, and then sinks into dark oblivion. Renown does not come to all. "For as by an

unseen hand the web of life is woven. And unseen fingers move along the loom, and ply the busy shuttle." The greatest memorial we can leave is the respect of our fellow citizens. Recently in this beautiful city was reared a monument dedicated to Hartford's patriots—"in honor of the men of Hartford who served and in memory of those who fell on land and sea, in the war for the Union, their grateful townsmen have raised this memorial." "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." These words sum up all for which that monument stands.

At the conclusion of Mr. Beardsley's oration a class song, the words and music of which were composed by Mr. Waters, '87, was sung by the seniors.

Mr. Applegate next introduced the class poet, Mr. George Safford Waters, of Troy, N. Y. Mr. Waters delivered the class poem

NEBULAE.

Classmates: The last bright college day is here,
The last link added to the chain of gold;
The *gladdest*, *saddest* day in all the year
Calls us once more together as of old.
The race is run, the goal is won, the prize
Suspended hangs before our eager eyes;
Yet would we pause, ask fleeting time to stay
And lengthen just a few bright hours to-day;
Since *custom* kind bequeaths us this brief space
To be our own, just as we end the race;
Allow us here to hold our sway supreme,
To reminisce, to prophesy, and dream.
Come, let us seize the last bright sunny hours
To pluck for memory's sake a few fair flowers
Which, pressed between the yellowed leaves of time,
May be, perchance, *discovered*, when a rime
Of silver rests on many a weary brow
Where only ruddy youth is pictured now.
Discovered, and, though their beauty long has fled,
May still a tinge of old-time fragrance shed,
Recalling times when they were sweet, fresh flowers,
And youth, with all its promises, was ours.
As I stand here within this mystic ring,
Much that I see does recollection bring
Of when this very day four years ago
I was a verdant freshman embryo.
Here is in general the very scene—
The college campus carpeted with green,
The gathering of our kindly smiling friends
Which fostering Hartford ever to us sends;
The comfortable circle of arm-chairs,
The sophomores with their condescending airs,
The gala music pealing from the band,
This platform and this honorable stand.
Perhaps, you'd say, some more deserving chap
Donned for that day this very gown and cap.

Ah! well I recollect the deep respect
With which I viewed those graduates elect,
With *awe* I gazed upon the favored gent
Who held the onerous post of president.
And the class orator did then appear,
An eloquent volcano, soon to rear
His head sublime above the common herd
And then give vent to many a fiery word.
I wondered if the time would ever be
When such a glorious lot should fall to me.
Four years, each one a grubbing, digging year,
What endless ages did they then appear,
I fancied I should *feeble* be, and gray,
If I should LIVE to see this looked-for day.

With what reluctance I took my way
From the fair scene of Eighty-three's class-day,
To where before a sober potentate
We shared together, boys, a common fate.
How anxiously we scanned the paper through,
To find how little or how much we knew.
Then, how we seized our pens with feverish haste,
Resolved none of the precious time to waste,
While distant music, as it swelled and died,
Told us of the gaily outside,
And caused our willing fancies oft to stray
From the hard task which then before us lay,
Till when at length our tardy work was done,
Class-day was over and the guests were gone.

Calliope, come hither dear, and toot
Inspiring strains on thy big circus flute,
That I in harmony with such sweet sound
May be the better able to expound
The multiple emotions of that day
When first within these walls I came to stay.

It was a happy, bright September morn,
When Eighty-seven as a class was born
To prove an infant Hercules full soon,
Within whose mouth was Fortune's silver spoon,
Upon whose youthful brow was the impress
Of bold determination and success,
And in whose sturdy heart was the ambition
To outdo in its valorous deeds tradition.

Now, the first custom which the past has set
Within the code of college etiquette,
Is that the freshman class with promptness sends
A push-rush challenge to its sophomore friends.
So Eighty-seven's scribe was told to write
And challenge the sophomores for the following night.

'Twas evening, and the starlight dim revealed
A curious sight on the athletic field.
Formed in a phalanx strong, each hostile class
Prepared itself to meet the opposing mass.
Ah, what emotions stirred within our breasts,
Encased for business in their canvas vests.
Then, in the stillness, comes the word to "go!"
And steadily, with heavy tread and slow,
Each squadron seems to undulate and swell,

Ready the other's onslaught to repel.
Faster and faster each compacted throng,
To meet the other boldly swings along;
Till, with a sudden thud, we know at length
Has come the moment which shall test our strength.
One frantic struggle and the thing was done,
The push-rush over, and our class had won.

* * * * *

Ah! Dora, Dora, shall I ere forget
That happiest of nights when first we met?
Thou modern Hebe with thy rosy face,
And more than ancient Hebe's fabled grace,
To thee and thine we give once more all hail,
Thy cheese, thy ginger-bread, thy beer, thy ginger ale.
Within the portals of thy hostelry
Gladly in-gathered, all was jollity.
Our first of victories won, full many a toast
We drank, indulged in many a verdant boast,
While thou, O genial Dora, played the host,
Till came at length the early hours of day,
And we, regretting, tore ourselves away;
Yet paused awhile there in the soft moonlight,
To say 'neath Alma Mater's walls "Good-night."
This did we do with many a ringing cheer
Inspired by victory, good-fellowship, and *beer*.
Then most did severally to bed repair,
But I to thy soft arms, my dear old chair.

* * * * *

Ere we reach the last year of our brief sojourn here,
Each of us a room full of knick-knacks can boast;
And though each separate treasure we count beyond
measure

There of course must be something we value the most.
Round my snug undergraduate dwelling I glance
With a feeling half pleasure and half discontent,
At mementoes, kind legacies left me by chance,
To commemorate this or that happy event.
And though pleasure I feel dreaming over the past,
Still the pleasure is tinged with indefinite pain
When I think that these bright days no longer can last,
And no life so happy be mine e'er again.

Come with me a moment, and glance here within
The dear old disorderly room which has been
My home. Of the walls there is left to the view
But small space to know the original hue;
All sorts of old pictures—small value, you'd say,
But worth more to me than I'd care now to pay—
Hang where an available space will permit;
In two alcoves our snug little book-cases fit,
Two desks and two tables, some rugs on the floor,
Miscellaneous sketches tacked up on the door;
An old window cushion, bedraggled and worn,
Some faded red curtains which serve to adorn
My window; a couple of swords, stained with rust,
Softly gleam through their undisturbed scabbard of dust;
An ancient horse-pistol, a bowie-knife of size
Which has oft served dissecting poor, innocent pies;
While strewn on the mantel and tacked on the wall
Are souvenirs recalling full many a ball

And german, old orders inscribed with the names
Of some who, perchance, have erst figured as flames;
Indeed but a glimpse of a single knick-knack
Brings with it a series of memories back—
Of faces and places and talks one has had,
And some make me happy and some make me sad.
Still *all* are my treasures and dear to my heart
And sorry I am with the smallest to part.
But far beyond any of these, great and small,
There belongs to me one which I love more than all.
Yes, taken in the circle, this old friend and true
Has been stationed its last college duty to do.
The last of the series so cheerfully done,
Small wonder it is that my heart has been won;
And now as it stands here awaiting this last,
It brings back again from my memory the past.
I recall how one September morning we two
Arrived here, both feeling quite awkward and new;
Both feeling resigned and in readiness quite
To be sat on by any who might have the right.
And so, at the very beginning, you see,
Were several reasons why we should agree.
Well, time rattled on and brought colder weather,
And by this time we got along finely together.
For what is more pleasant on chill winter days
Than to sit with your arm-chair drawn close to the blaze
On the hearth, thus defying the shrill whistling blast,
Enjoying the present, recalling the past—
And fancying something made up of the two,
An idyllic future of roseate hue?
Oh! happy are college days, sunny and fair,
Full many a pleasure and hardly a care;
But naught in my memory longer shall last
Than the hours I have passed in thy arms, my old chair.
Whene'er I've felt restless, or tired, or blue,
Were it even the deepest-dyed indigo hue,
I have known of *two* comforting arms to receive me,
One friend to confide in who'd truly believe me,
A rest that was balm and a surcease to sorrow,
Turning thoughts of to-day into deeds of to-morrow.
Then what should I speak of more gladly to-day,
To whom should I tribute more readily pay,
Than to one who has shared with me all that has passed,
And patiently waits to receive me at last?
Beliefs dark and gloomy, or sunny and fair,
I will have thee forever, my easy old chair.

After a selection from Erminie by the
band, Mr. Alexander Hopkins Anderson of
Venetia, Pa., was presented as "Lemon
Squeezer" orator. Mr. Anderson made a
very humorous and pleasing speech, dwelling
at length upon the worth of the givers and
receivers of the time-honored "Squeezer,"
the classes of '87 and '88. At the conclusion
of his speech he placed the "Squeezer" in
the hands of Mr. Johnson of the class of '88.
Mr. Johnson then made a short speech
thanking the class of '87 in behalf of '88, for

the honor thus conferred upon them. The speaker called attention to the spirit and influence of the graduating class, and considered it doubly an honor that '88 might receive the "Squeezer" at their hands. After speaking of the traditions and associations involved in this old custom, Mr. Johnson formally gave the "Squeezer" to his classmates, who conducted it to a place of safety, singing their class songs and cheering lustily.

After another song—"Neath the Elms" the presentations were made by Mr. Bowman of Brownsville, Pa. His remarks full of humor in a few cases were rather pointed and he was somewhat prone to the very common fault of exaggeration. The presents were well selected, and attracted much mirth.

The epilogue, following a selection given by the band, was delivered by Orin Arnold Sands, of Bainbridge, N. Y.

Mr. Sands spoke of the record of '87 at college as one honorable in many ways and added:—

"Had I the gift of prophecy I might undertake to picture the courses of the twenty-one streams, so to speak, which to-day issue from this college; but with my unprophetic nature I can affirm one thing only, there will ever be a strong and unsullied affection for our dear alma mater. Whatever shall be our courses hereafter, however far distant we may be, there is one word that will ever be dear to us and will never be on our lips except with thoughts of the most pleasant associations and memories of the most indelible and sacred character—that word is *Trinity*."

Previous to the epilogue Professor Luther presented with appropriate remarks, a handsome gold watch to Mr. Shannon, '87. The presentation was in behalf of an unknown friend of Mr. Shannon's.

The class-day was a very successful one, and was enjoyed by a very large number of friends of the graduating class and others. The class of '87 may be proud of its class-day, adding another success to its achievements.

RECEPTION.

The reception was held in the evening at 9 o'clock, in the new gymnasium. The gymnasium was thoroughly lighted and both the first floor and the spacious hall above were tastefully draped and decorated. It was appropriate that the gymnasium should

be first opened to the public on this occasion of '87's last reception. At an early hour the hall was well filled with students accompanied by their friends from out of town and a great many of Hartford's society people. The stage was occupied by Emmons's orchestra, concealed behind a screen of shrubbery. The running track in the gymnasium hall afforded ample room for promenading. The chaperones for the evening were Mrs. G. W. Russell, Mrs. Frederick Foster and Mrs. W. H. Post.

There were two concert numbers and ten dances on the programme, followed by the cotillion at midnight.

At half-past eleven refreshments were served in the gymnasium hall during the interval between the preliminary numbers and the cotillion. The cotillion was led by S. Hendrie with Miss Foster.

Among those present at the reception were: Mrs. and the Misses Post, and Miss Ripley of Rutland; Miss Robinson, Miss Taft, Miss Foster, Miss Brown, the Misses Baldwin, from Detroit, Miss Mandell also of Detroit; Miss Carter of Baltimore; President and Mrs. G. W. Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hamlin, Orange; Bishop Niles, Mrs. and Miss Niles; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wayland, New York; Miss Colt, New York; Miss Trumbull; Miss Foster, New York; Miss Smith, Brooklyn; Mrs. and Miss Goodridge, New York; Professor and Mrs. Johnson and Miss Closson; Mr. Vanburen, Yale, '86; Mr. Thompson, Trinity, '83; Messrs. Miller, McCrackan, Mitchell and Loomis, Trinity, '85; Mr. Barnard Carter and Mr. Charles Carter, Trinity, '82; Mr. Lucius Robinson, Yale, '85; Mr. Harry Robinson, Yale, '88; Mr. Henry R. Heydecker, Trinity, '86; Mr. A. Murray Young, Trinity, '82; S. Brewer, '82, A. P. Burgwin, '82, Murray Bohlen, '82, Mr. Sedgwick and Mr. F. Johnson, '84.

The reception was a most enjoyable one, and a great success, and a fitting crown to the achievements of the graduating class.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Three meetings of this association were held in June, on the 9th, 27th and 29th, respectively. At the first it was voted to sell the shells now lying useless in the old boat

house, and devote the money to other branches of athletics.

At the meeting held on the 27th the new base ball directors were elected. The newly elected directors are W. F. Morgan, '88, B. Wright, '89, and W. H. Warren, '90. Various amendments to the constitution were also laid before the Association. On the 29th, Alumni day, a very enthusiastic meeting was held and the Alumni, being invited to attend, were present in full force. Mr. Morgan, '88, the foot ball manager, made his report, which was very favorable and showed our advance in that department. Mr. Morgan also read a report of the progress and success of the base ball nine. The record of the nine was shown in detail, and the report proved that the past year has been the greatest at Trinity in that department of athletics. Mr. Deuel, '87, made a short report on Gymnasium athletics, and Mr. Coster, '87, reported for the Tennis Association. The report of the Athletic association in general was made by Mr. Beardsley, '87. All these reports, which were most favorable and encouraging, were received with great enthusiasm by the Alumni.

Speeches were made by Messrs. Rodgers, '77, Howells, '82, Prof. Luther, '70, Prof. McCook, '63, and Shannon, '87. The amendments, which were submitted at the preceding meeting, were accepted and, after voting that the proceedings of the meeting be published and that copies of the constitution be printed, the meeting adjourned.

BREAKING OF GROUND FOR THE SCIENTIFIC BUILDING.

The ceremonies attendant upon the breaking of ground for the new Scientific building took place at the proposed site of that building at 1 P. M. June 29th. The procession formed in front of Northam Towers and marched to the site in the following order :

The College Marshal.

The Janitor, carrying the spades.

The Chancellor.

The President and the Donors.

The Visitors and the Corporation.

The Faculty.

The Students.

The Alumni.

The Invited Guests.

On reaching the site the procession divided and surrounded the limits of the new building. After prayer the President handed the spade to the Chancellor, who turned the first sod. After the singing of the Doxology the procession returned to the great quadrangle, cheering Mr. Jarvis the generous benefactor, who was among the guests present.

GENERAL NOTES.

Prof. Bolton sailed for Europe on June 15th.

Mr. Walter Keney, of Hartford, has generously given \$5,000 to be used by the President, in the interests of the college.

At a meeting of the Glee Club held on June 28th, W. G. Scott, '88, was elected president and L. F. Sennett, '89, director for the ensuing year.

VOLUNTARY STUDIES.

The following men have pursued studies outside of their regular work. Seniors in Hebrew : Applegate, Beardsley, Deuel, (Whitcome). Sophomores in Suetonius : Remington, Williams and B. Wright. Freshmen in Latin Comody : Littell, Stockton, Williams and Wright. Juniors in Political Economy : Brinley, Johnson and Paddock. Sophomores in Analytics : Douglass and Frye. Sophomores and Freshmen in Determinates : Douglass, Frye, Fell, Remington, B. Wright, Robb, Stockton and G. Wright. In German : Beers, Hubbard, Morehouse, Purdy, A. R. Stuart and Warner.

SENIORS FOR THE PAST YEAR :

Anderson, Ethics.* Applegate, Ethics and Greek. Beardsley, Ethics,* *Ethics*,* *Modern Languages*,* *Greek and Metaphysics*. Bowman, English, *Ethics** and *Physics*. Carter, Ethics,* *Ethics*† and *Greek*. Coster, Ethics* and *Greek*. Deuel, English and Ethics.† Haight, English and *English*. Hamlin, *Grek*.† Olmsted, Ethics.* R. Rodgers, *Physics*. Shannon, *Ethics*.† Tibbits, Ethics.* Whitcome, English, *Modern Languages*, *Greek* and *Ethics*.* Niles, *Latin*,† *Metaphysics*,* *Modern Languages* and *Greek*.* Sands, English, *Geology*,* *History* and *Political Science*, *Ethics*,* *English*,† *Ethics** and *Modern Languages*.† Thompson, Ethics.*

JUNIORS.

Belden, English, *Anthropology** and *English*.† Benedict, English *History* and *Politi-*

cal Science†, *Anthropology*,* Latin,* and English.† Brinley, *Ethics*†. Brown, *Greek*, *Ethics*† Crawford, Modern Languages, Physics, *Greek*, *History* and *Political Science*.† Hubbard, Modern Languages, Astronomy,† *Greek*,* Latin* and English.† Johnson, History and Political Science† and *Ethics*.† Morgan, *Ethics*† and *Greek*.* Paddock, Modern Languages, History and Political Science,* Astronomy,† *Anthropology** and *Modern Languages*.† Purdy, History and Political Science,† Mathematics* and Modern Languages. Putnam, *Ethics*,† History and Political Science† and *English*.† A. R. Stuart, Modern Languages. W. C. Stuart, English. Wainwright, *Ethics*.† Warner, *Mathematics** and *Ethics*.†

SOPHOMORES.

Beers, Modern Languages, *Ethics*† and Mathematics. Douglass, Mathematics,* Physics† and Natural History.† Fell, Physics,* Natural History,† Modern Languages, History and Political Science and *Ethics*.† French, Modern Languages. Frye, Mathematics* and *Ethics*.† Husband, *Ethics*.† Kramer, Latin. Millard, Latin, Greek, and Modern Languages. Morehouse, *Ethics*† Remington, Latin, Mathematics.* Schütz, Modern Languages, *Anthropology*.* Scott, *Ethics*.† Sennett, Modern Languages, Latin and Greek. Scudder, English, Greek, Latin, Mathematics,* Physics,† Natural History† and Modern Languages. Sullivan, English and Latin. Tuttle, English. Williams, Greek, Latin, Natural History† and Modern Languages. B. Wright, English, Greek, Latin, Mathematics,* Physics,† Natural History† and Modern Languages.

FRESHMEN.

Cheritree, English. Coleman, Greek, Latin, Mathematics and English. Griswold, Greek, Latin and Mathematics. Hutchins, Greek and English. Littell, English. J. McCook, Modern Languages. Pynchon, Greek, Latin, Mathematics and English. Smith, English. Stockton, English. Williams, Greek, Latin and English. Wright, Mathematics and English.

*Christmas term only.

†Trinity term only.

Italic—Elective study.

HONOR GRADES.

Seniors who have attained honors for the whole course: O. A. Applegate—Greek.

W. A. Beardsley—Greek and Mathematics. G. C. Carter—Greek and Mathematics. M. K. Coster—Greek. E. C. Niles—Modern Languages. G. W. Rodgers—Mathematics. C. H. Tibbits—Greek. F. B. Whitcome—Modern Languages.

PRIZES.

Tuttle Prize—Not awarded.

Chemical Prize—1st: Charles Edward Purdy, '88; 2nd: Louis LeGrand Benedict, '88.

English Literature Prize—Not awarded.

Latin Prize—Francis Goodwin Williams, '89.

Goodwin Greek Prizes—1st: Gilbert Payson Coleman, '90; 2nd: Robert Hamilton Hutchins, '90.

History Prize—Frederick Everest Haight, '87.

Political Science Prize—Edward Cullen Niles, '87.

English Composition Prizes—1st: Ed. Taylor Sullivan, '89; 2nd: Willard Scudder, '89.

Junior German Prize—Robert Hutchins Schütz, '89.

Sophomore French Prize—Willard Scudder, '89.

BASE BALL.

AMHERST.	R.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Storrs, r. f.....	1	2	1	0	0		
Turner, p.....	2	2	0	14	0		
McLemon, 3 b.....	1	1	3	2	0		
Pope, c., c. f.....	2	2	5	4	0		
Stearns, c., c. f.....	1	0	3	4	2		
Phillips, s. s.....	1	1	1	1	1		
Judson, 2 b.....	1	1	0	1	0		
Belcher, l. f.....	0	0	1	0	0		
Davidson, 1 b.....	1	3	13	0	0		
Totals,.....	10	12	27	26	3		
TRINITY.	R.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Barber, c.....	1	0	13	2	2		
Beardsley, c f.....	0	0	1	0	0		
Brinley, s. s.....	3	2	0	3	1		
Pinney, l. f.....	2	1	1	1	1		
Shannon, p.....	0	1	0	17	0		
McLemore, 2 b.....	0	0	1	1	0		
Brady, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0		
Whitcome, 3 b.....	0	0	1	0	1		
Cheritree, 1 b.....	0	0	10	0	0		
Totals,.....	6	4	27	24	5		

SUMMARY. Earned runs—Amherst 3. First base on called balls—off Shannon 3, off Turner 1. Struck out—by Shannon 12, by Turner 15. Two base hits—Turner and Davidson. Three base hit—Storrs. Double play—Pinney-Shannon-White.

NAME.	No Games.	A. B.	R.	1 B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.	Batting Av.	T. B. Av.	Fl'ing Av.	Fl'g. Rank.
Brinley, '88.	15	64	20	22	26	17	36	11	.343	.406	.828	6
Pinney, '87,	15	69	16	20	20	6	4	10	.289	.289	.500	11
Barber '88,	16	75	23	20	28	203	31	9	.266	.373	.954	3
Shannon, '87,	16	70	11	17	18	3	224	2	.242	.257	.991	2
Beardsley, '87,	12	44	11	10	10	9	0	2	.227	.227	.818	7
R. Rodgers, '87,	13	54	8	12	15	7	3	3	.222	.277	.769	9
McLemore, '89,	16	64	11	13	15	12	32	10	.203	.234	.814	8
Whitcome, '87,	16	59	13	11	15	120	5	11	.186	.254	.919	4
Brady, '90,	13	51	5	8	12	13	13	15	.156	.235	.634	10
Cheritree, '90,	4	16	1	2	2	34	2	0	.125	.125	1.000	1
A. E. Wright, '89,	4	15	1	0	0	3	1	1	.000	.000	.833	5
TEAM AVERAGE.									.205	.243	.805	
TRINITY												
Barber, c.....	1		1	14	3	1						
Beardsley, c. f.....	2		1	1	0	0						
Brinley, s. s.....	1		1	1	0	0						
Shannon, p.....	0		0	0	21	0						
Pinney, l. f.....	0		2	0	0	0						
McLemore, 2 b....	2		2	0	2	1						
Rodgers, r. f.....	2		0	0	0	1						
Whitcome, 3 b.....	2		0	0	0	0						
Cheritree, 1 b.....	1		1	11	1	0						
Totals.....	11		8	27	27	3						
WESLEYAN.												
Smith, l. f.....	0		0	1	0	0						
Manchester, 2 b.....	1		0	1	2	1						
Laudon, 3 b.....	0		1	1	2	1						
Cobb, c.....	0		0	5	6	0						
Van Dorn, 1 b.....	0		0	15	0	0						
Griffin, r. f.....	0		0	2	0	1						
White, c. f.....	0		0	1	0	0						
Stulman, s. s.....	0		0	1	2	4						
Bergstrom, p.....	0		0	0	9	0						
Totals.....	1		1	27	21	7						

SUMMARY. Runs earned—Trinity 1—First base on called balls—off Bergstrom 7. Struck out—by Shannon 18, by Bergstrom 6. Double play—Van Dorn. Wild pitches—Van Dorn 1.

PERSONALS.

NILES, '57. The Rt. Rev. W. W. Niles, D. D. and Mrs. Niles, celebrated their Silver Wedding on the 6th of June.

ROWLAND, '57. The Rev. Edmund Rowland was the preacher at the convention of the Diocese of Connecticut, on the 14th of June.

LEWIS, '65. The sermon before the recent convention of the Diocese of East Carolina was preached by the Rev. W. H. Lewis.

BAILEY, '79. The Baccalaureate Sermon at St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, was preached by the Rev. M. K. Bailey, on the 19th of June.

HARDING, '79. Married, in New York City, June 8th, the Rev. Alfred Harding, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Justine B. Prindle.

SNOW, '79. Married in Indianapolis, Ind., June 29th, Alpheus H. Snow, of Hartford, and Miss Margaret M. Butler.

HAMILTON, '82. Charles A. Hamilton was ordained to the Diaconate in St. Thomas' Church, New York, on the 5th of June.

BALL, '82. The Rev. C. E. Ball, was ordained to the Priesthood, in Trinity Church, Bridgeport, Conn., on the 16th of June.

WATSON, '82. The Rev. S. N. Watson, preached the sermon at the opening of the recent convention of the Diocese of Iowa.

BROWN, '83. Married, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Middletown, Conn., June 22, the Rev. J. Eldred Brown, of Denver, Col., and Miss Charlotte M. Elmer.

BURTON, '83. A special prize at the Johns Hopkins University has been awarded to Richard E. Burton.

OBITUARY.

John Collins Covell, a graduate in the class of 1847, died at Romney, W. Va., June 4th, aged 63. He had been for several years at the head of the State institution for the deaf, dumb and blind, at Romney, after twenty-four years of successful labors at the corresponding institution in Staunton, Va.

CLASS.	NECROLOGY.	DIED.
1832.	Hon. John Smith Phelps,	Nov. 20, 1886.
1835.	Joseph Hedge Thompson, M. D.	Dec. 2, 1886.
1846.	Rev. Ralph Hurlburt Maine,	July 5, 1886.
1846.	Rev. Geo. Washington Pendleton,	Feb. 22, 1887.
1847.	John Collins Covell,	June 4, 1887.
1847.	Hon. George Shepard Gilman,	Oct. 13, 1886.
1848.	Cyprian Nichols Beach,	Feb. 9, 1887.
1851.	George Douglass Sargeant,	Aug. 1, 1886.
1854.	John Robinson Williams,	Oct. 25, 1886.

NECROLOGY. *HONORARII.*

Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D.	1838.	Jan. 2, 1887.
Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, D. D.	1841.	April 12, 1887.
Hon. Chauncey Fitch Cleveland, LL. D.	1842.	June 6, '87.
Rev. Thomas Clap Pitkin, M. A.	1848.	May 11, 1887.
Rev. Lewis Green, M. A.	1850.	June 16, 1887.
Dexter Russell Wright, M. A.	1853.	July 23, 1886.
Rev. Curtiss Trowbridge Woodruff, M. A.	1868.	Feb. '87.
Rev. John Samuel Beers, M. A.	1886.	Nov. 20, 1886.

VALE.

OCTOBER, 1883.

Farewell my own love. The bright sun is rising,
Touching with splendor the dark clouds above,
Gilding the earth with light and bright glory,
Waking all life to its daytime of love.

So on my dark way thy life shed its radiance.
Lighting my cares with its transforming ray;
Opening the buds of fair hope to sweet blossoms,
Ill-fated blossoms, to die with the day.

As the cold icicle, hailing its death kiss,
Sparkles with light in the beam of the sun;
So did I joy when thy glance fell upon me:
How could death harm me if thy love was won?

Dark is the future, my sweet, my beloved,
Ne'er can thy glance light my pathway again.
Farewell—I leave thee—no sweet hope before me
Nothing to live for, nothing but pain.

D. A.

NOX ATRA.

Loudly roars the angry tempest
And the white-capped billows rise,
Madly crashing,
Grandly lashing,
Dashing white foam to the skies.

O'er the surges grimly stalking,
Wrapped in robes of blackest night,
Bearing sorrow
For the morrow,
Moves dark death in all his might.

Toll the bell for those who perish,
Chant the dirge in solemn strain,
O drear dawning,
O sad morning,
Father, help us in our pain.

D. A.

COMMENCEMENT.

Music was the first number on the programme, and following that was the Latin salutatory by William Agur Beardsley, of Connecticut.

CHARLES E. DEUEL.

in speaking on "Garfield and Alexander II," said: It is not so much my purpose to discuss the individual characters of President Garfield and the Emperor Alexander, as to present some of the prominent features of contrast between the nations which they represent, and to illustrate by them two distinctive types of national character and national development. The assassination of the President and of the Czar bear to each other a certain resemblance, in that both victims were at the head of a large and powerful nation. But here the similarity ends. No one justified the murder in the United States, while the killing of the Czar expressed the feeling of a large number of the Russians. The grief which was spread over our land by the President's unfortunate death was universal, and fell upon one and all alike, regardless of party distinction or party prejudice. But among that very considerable element of Russian society which justified the Czar's death were some of the most thoughtful and best educated people in the whole empire. What, then, is the significance of this? Simply that there is something profoundly wrong in the whole autocratic system of Russian policy. Her great body of nihilists are but patriots in despair. While Alexander II. was one of the world's greatest monarchs, he did not go to the root of discontent in his empire. The contrast between the two nations is enough to make us grateful indeed for having been born Americans.

F. B. WHITCOME.

spoke on "The Great Chancellor." He said: The age of Elizabeth marked a new era in English national life, during which the national spirit seemed to burst forth into new life and activity. To meet the exigencies of this important epoch, there arose England's first statesmen. Francis Bacon was the son of one of these men—Sir Nicholas Bacon. History hardly recalls another character like that of Francis Bacon—

"England's great chancellor,
Whose thread the fates spun round and full,
Out of the choicest and the whitest wool."

We trace his life from boyhood. We see him rise in power as a statesman, but this power he used for his self-interest. In public and private life he was endeavoring to serve not two—but three masters,—himself, the state and mankind. First, he fell to bribes, and then finally he fell to the position of a state criminal. Notwithstanding the perverting influences which were about him, he has not excuse, for he knew better, as is proved by his own words. Though we cannot excuse, we should forgive him. His great work—the noble object ever before his eyes was to do good for generations to come, to teach mankind to know as they had never known before. While endeavoring to shield him from insult, we should look back upon his life with thankfulness of heart, with pity, and yet with pride, for he deserves an honored place among—

"The great of old !

The dead, but sceptered sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their minds."

C. H. TIBBITS.

selected as his subject, "The Musical Art." Man is both physical and spiritual, but his soul can be reached only through his physical nature. He is especially susceptible to the influence of music. It expresses certain emotions which are reached in no other way. In this "art of arts," we not only can trace the human passions, but we also have reached the ripple of inland water, the anthem of the stormy sea, etc. In Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony* each movement is the harmonized expression of the innermost life of nature. There is a universal law of rhythm running throughout nature. In this day of American enterprise, the ideal side of music is in danger of being forgotten in the vast vortex of commercial interest. Music is necessary in our hard-working, utilitarian age. Newman says: "What science brings so much out of so little? Can it be that those majestic strivings of the heart and keen emotions should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial? It is not so; they are the outpouring of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound !

CHARLES W. BOWMAN

spoke on "The Racial Myths." The essential likeness of religious belief among the different nations, at different periods of the

Earth's history, is strong ground for believing that the human race is endowed with the same ideas, aspirations and instincts, though they may be distorted by difference of race characteristics and other superficial causes. Prometheus, Buddha, King Arthur, Barbarossa, Hiawatha, leading myths of widely different races, all represent a hero who suffers for the good of man. It is impossible to believe that they are all variations of some story invented in an idle hour to amuse the imaginations of men. The likeness comes from a deeper source. It shows that all men in all times have felt that the origin of the great benefactor of his nation was Divine; and that his divinity and power of helping were somewhat dependent upon the idea of suffering. There are those, and they claim to be teachers of their generation, who assert that these analogies between mythological story and Divine revelation prove the human origin of Christianity. But to us they seem to show that there is a harmony between the Divine scheme and the nature and needs of the human race, just as gropings in the dark prove the necessity and possibility of light.

E. C. NILES

was the next speaker, "Socialism in America," being his theme. He said: With respect to national questions the Americans are certainly optimists. And it is in this optimistic way that we regard the danger from socialistic ideas. The supporters of socialistic theories in this country are generally members of one of the great socialistic or communistic organizations. As far as can be gathered from their utterances, their objects are the abolition of all rights to property, of authority and government, and even religion itself. Though well organized and provided with arms, their own numbers are not sufficient to accomplish their ends. It is to the laboring classes that they look for their chief support, and to entrap and delude them every effort is made. Never have the relations between labor and capital been more strained, and never has an outbreak appeared more imminent. And if the smouldering embers of discontent ever burst forth into flames, the damage wrought must be widespread, if not absolutely irretrievable. We will grant that there is a trust character which attaches to all large accumulations, and that selfishness refuses to recognize that trust. It is the selfishness that is

the real bane of our system, and should be the point of attack for the philanthropist, the philosopher, and the legislator. But the illogical and absurd socialistic creed must not be ignored, but must be combatted vigorously and aggressively through that organized force of society called the *Law*, and then, like any other criminal influence, it can and will be repressed.

ORIN A. SANDS.

was the orator of the day, and addressed the audience upon the subject of "Environment." He began by saying: For the existence of life two things are necessary—a germ and an environment. The germ is the vital element, but its existence and development is impossible without environment of some form. The environment must be our chief object of study, since it is that which molds the form in which the germ is manifested to us.

The speaker then referred to the effect of the environment upon the nation and upon the individual. The forces molding the national character of America are different from those operating in any other nation, yet the character formed is such that people of all nations soon adapt themselves to it. If we except such as are bound to a foreign land by religious faith, like the Jews and the Chinese, no race has been found which could long resist the influence of the environment which may technically be called American. The question comes to us, then, who are on the threshold of our lives: How can we place ourselves in harmony with our environment? There are duties which a consideration of our national environment suggests to us—to guard against the introduction or perpetuation of institutions which have served their purpose and must now be laid aside; and to preserve a steady, sure development in opposition to those who in one blind and thoughtless revolution would destroy all reverence for the past and overthrow the existing order of things. These are our duties, and to learn them we have spent four years in collegiate discipline. Should we not perform them it will not be a sin against our national environment only, but also against our Alma Mater, so faithful in her instruction.

Mr. Sands then said farewell in becoming terms to the Chancellor, the President and Faculty, the citizens of Hartford, and last and dearest, his classmates. To them he

said: Farewell then my class-mates. The hour has come for us to enter into new relations and new circles, but the old relation is not weakened. It exists in memory. It will strengthen with the years. I cannot look upon your faces without knowing it, nor hear the voice of any one of you without feeling it. It is real—it is true—it is strong—it is part of each one of us forever. We will carry it with us. Fare ye well!

At the conclusion of the valedictory, an air by the band entertained the audience, after which the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor of Arts, in course.

Alexander Hopkins Anderson, Venetia, Pa.; Octavius Applegate, Jr., Newburgh, N. Y.; William Agur Beardsley, Monroe, Ct.; Charles William Bowman, Brownsville, Pa.; George Calvert Carter, Baltimore, Md.; Martyn Kerfoot Coster, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Charles Ephraim Deuel, Pine Plains, N. Y.; Frederick Everest Haight, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Albert Church Hamlin, Orange, N. J.; Strathearn Hendrie, Detroit, Mich.; Edward Cullen Niles, Concord, N. H.; William Beach Olmsted, Fort Edward, N. Y.; Howard Austin Pinney, Suffield, Ct.; George Washington Rodgers, Millsboro, Pa.; Robert Edward Lee Rodgers, Millsboro, Pa.; Orin Arnold Sands, Bainbridge, N. Y.; Joseph Wellington Shannon, Riverside, Pa.; Henry Rumford Thompson, Westminster, Vt.; Charles Henry Tibbits, 2d, White Plains, N. Y.; Francis Banks Whitcome, Brookfield Centre, Ct.

Bachelor of Science, in course.

George Safford Waters, Troy, N. Y.

Master of Arts, in course.

The Rev. Theodore Atkinson Porter, Charleston, S. C., of the class of 1876; the Rev. Charles Walter Bolyston, Long Hill, Conn., and the Rev. John William Williams, Hoboken, N. J., of the class of 1878; Harry Campbell Black, Williamsport, Penn., and the Rev. Morton Stone, La Grange, Ill., of the class of 1880; the Rev. Charles Smith Cook, Pine Ridge Agency, D. T., of the class of 1881; the Rev. Samuel Newell Watson, Iowa City, Ia., of the class of 1882; the Rev. Maurice Ludlum Cowl, Middletown, Conn., of the class of 1883; William Stanley Bar-

rows, Short Hills, N. J.; John Morgan Brainard, Auburn, N. Y.; the Rev. George Heathcote Hills, New York City; William Henry Hitchcock, New York City; Frank Elisha Johnson, Hartford, Conn.; the Rev. George Ernest Magill, Philadelphia, Penn.; Henry Ritchie Neely, Chicago, Ill.; James Frederic Olmsted, Southborough, Mass.; Edward Lawson Purdy, New York City; Frank Wood Richardson, Auburn N. Y., and Edward Sims Van Zile, New York City, of the class of 1884; the Rev. Lorenzo Sears, B. A., Yale College, Professor in the University of Vermont; and the Rev. Sherrard Billings, B. A., Harvard College, Groton, Mass.

MASTER OF ARTS, *Honoris Causa*.

The Rev. Henry Augustus Adams, New York City; the Rev. James Watson Bradin, Hartford, Conn.; George Edward Elwell, Bloomsburg, Pa., (formerly of the class of 1880), the Hon. Charles Allen Sumner, San Francisco, Cal., (formerly of the class of 1856).

DOCTOR OF LAWS, *Honoris Causa*.

The Hon. George Franklin Edmunds, United States Senator, Burlington, Vt.

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY, *Honoris Causa*.

The Rev. Joseph Pemberton Taylor, of the class of 1843, Plainfield, N. J.

Among the prominent alumni on the stage we noticed W. C. Peters, '48, L. A. Lockwood, '55, E. W. Williams, '53, H. A. Yale, '46, C. J. Hoadley, '51, Rev. Dr. Backus, '70, Hon. D. W. Pardee, '40, Dr. Beardsley, '32, Dr. Horton, '43, Rev. A. L. Brewer, '53, John W. Bacon, '46, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, '42, Rev. F. D. Harriman, '45, Bishop B. H. Paddock, '48, Bishop Niles, '57, Rev. Dr. Nicholls, '39, Rev. Dr. Spencer, '53, Prof. G. B. Hopson, '57, also Mr. Geo. A. Jarvis the founder of the *Jarvis Hall of Science*.

The doxology was then sung and the benediction pronounced.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Outing for July contains more than the usual amount of interesting matter, at the head of which stands "Twelve Days without

a Sunset," by Jas. Ricalton. Few points either in race characteristics or in common incidents of his journeys have escaped his eye. The illustrations by Kelly throw light and life on the text by their bold outlines. In a lighter vein are recounted the yachting trials of a landsman in "On the Billow." Thomas Stevens has reached Meshed the holy in his bicycle pilgrimage, and continues more absorbing in interest as he approaches the forbidden boundaries of Afganistan. Among others, we might mention the horse-racing sketch "Fidèle;" "On the March," a tale of a soldier's experience; "Initiation to the Bicycle;" "Long Branch;" and Capt. Coffin's "Abandoned in Mid-Ocean;" Editorial criticisms on Yachting, La Crosse, &c., &c.

The Story of Metlakahtlan: A story of even greater injustice and oppression than the tear-moving tale of "Evangeline" is this history by Mr. Henry S. Wellcome of the Metlakahtlans, who, after groping their way under a noble Christian leader out of the night of barbarism and the most vile heathen practices into the light of civilization and Christianity, are now about to be dispossessed of the fruits of their own labor by the envy of a narrow-minded clique of professed Christians. The story of their wrongs as supported by the indubitable facts presented by Mr. Wellcome, well-nigh wring tears from lovers of liberty. This Indian community is now seeking refuge under the flag of freedom from the senseless and outrageous persecution of the Canadian government and a bishop of the English Church. All lovers of missionary work will find peculiar pleasure in the simple, modest manner in which Mr. Wellcome relates the manner in which he performed his really marvellous work of reclaiming from barbarism these benighted Indians, living with them, sympathizing with them, and inculcating by his own example the noblest precepts of humanity and Christianity. The object of the book is to arouse practical sympathy for them in order that they may have the money (\$50,000) which is necessary to transport them to Alaska, where the Treasury Department has decided that they can properly remove. New York: Saxon & Co.; 1887.
